

LITERATURE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON. By James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual." Philadelphia Agents, Turner Brothers & Co.

Mr. James Greenwood made himself famous by spending a night in the Lambeth workhouse in London as a pauper, and then giving the world a graphic description of his experiences. His article was a scathing exposure of the British workhouse system, and the deep impression it made induced the writer to make a speciality of the same class of subjects—subjects, by-the-way, that sadly need to be set before the public by the pen of an honest and able reporter.

We present the following extract from "Baby Farming," as better calculated to give our readers an idea of the merits of the work than any comments of ours could do—

Here is a daily newspaper that is mainly an advertising broadsheet. It is an old-established newspaper, and its advertisement columns may be said fairly to reflect the condition of the female labor market over vast tracts of the London Empire. Column after column tells of the wants of servants and masters, "capharnims," "feather-lains," "artificial flower hands," "chicchele-hands," hands for the manufacture of "chignons" and "hairnets" and "head work," and all manner of "millinery" and "trimmings" and "gauffering" in ribbon and net and muslin, contributing towards the thousand and one articles that stock the "baby" trade.

under two months, and we all know how precarious is infantine existence, and at what a wonderfully low rate the cheap undertakers bury babies in these days.

Another of the precious batch of eleven speaks plainer, and comes to the point without any preliminary walking round it—

ADoption.—A person wishing a lasting and comfortable home for a young child of either sex will find this a good opportunity. Advertisers having no children of their own, are desirous to proceed to America. Premium, fifteen pounds. Respectable references given and required. Address F. X.—

All that is incomplete in the above is the title, but one need not ask for the "Q" that should come between the "F" and "X." After perusing the pithy advertisement, I interpreted its meaning simply this—Any person possessed of a child he is anxious to be rid of, has a good chance of disposing of it. Perhaps "F. X." is going to America; perhaps he's not. That is his business. The party having a child to dispose of need not trouble himself on that score. For respectable references and reasonable conditions, all that the party shall fork over the fifteen pounds, and ask no questions of me. That will make matters comfortable for both parties, especially if the business is at a coffee-house, or a public building. If I did know the party's address, of course he can have no fear that I shall turn round on him, and return the child's hands. The whole affair might be managed while an omnibus is waiting to take up a passenger. A simple matter of handing over a baby parcel and a little one—the child and the money—and all over without so much as a "good night," if so be the party is a careful parent, and wouldn't like even his voice heard.

robust, healthy-junged child, with whom such noble sum as a shilling a day is paid. Such an article is as good as a gift of twenty pounds to them. See the amount of privation and grief that can stand before it accumulates. The tenacity of life in children of perfectly sound constitution is proverbial. A ha'porth of bread and a ha'porth of milk daily will suffice to keep the machinery of life from coming to a standstill. If such a barely sufficient link will the poor little helpless victim be held to life, while what passes as natural causes attack and gradually consume it, and drag it down to its grave. This, in the baby-farming system, is a very real and terrible fact.

It was very odd. Clearly there was a great mistake somewhere, and yet as far as they had gone, the proceedings were not much at variance with the original plan. It was "M. D." and a doctor was expected. "This was the young one," Mr. Oxleek declared, and a young one, a bearded young one who had lost his darling playmate, was a prominent feature in his wife's letter to me.

As a volunteer explorer into the depths of social mysteries, once upon a time I made it my business to invade the den of a child-farmer, and to pry into the proceedings of the daily newspaper or magazine at the time, so I will here make but brief allusion to it. I bought the current number of the newspaper more than once before mentioned, and discovering, as usual, a considerable string of child-farming advertisements, I resolved to make a party of them, professing to have a child "on my hands," and signing myself "M. D." My intention being to trap the villain, I need not say that in every case my reply to their preliminary communications was couched in such carefully chosen terms as to excite the most suspicious of their guard. But I found that I had underestimated the cunning of the enemy. Although the innocent seeming bait was made as attractive and savory as possible, at least half of the farmers whom my claims had attracted, refused to be taken in. There was something about it not to their liking, evidently.

Three or four of the hungry-like bit, however, one being a lady signing herself "Y. Z." In her newspaper advertisement, if I rightly remember, she stated that she was a widow, and that she had a young child "on my hands." "Y. Z." Post Office, — street, Steney, "Y. Z." replying to mine so addressed, said that, as before stated, she was willing to adopt a little girl of wealthy constitution at the terms I suggested. I replied to the majority of them, professing to have a child "on my hands," and signing myself "M. D." My intention being to trap the villain, I need not say that in every case my reply to their preliminary communications was couched in such carefully chosen terms as to excite the most suspicious of their guard. But I found that I had underestimated the cunning of the enemy. Although the innocent seeming bait was made as attractive and savory as possible, at least half of the farmers whom my claims had attracted, refused to be taken in. There was something about it not to their liking, evidently.

long marks of Mr. Oxleek's dirty paws, and of his tobacco-dust, and of phisic clumsily administered and spill. It would appear too much like "piling up the agony" did I attempt to describe that baby's face. It was the countenance of an infant that had cried itself to sleep, and to whom pain was so familiar, that it invaded its dreams, causing its mites of features to twitch and quiver so that it would have been a mercy to wake it.

"Wake, sir, take a chace!" remarked Mr. Oxleek, quite hospitably; "this is the young one, sir."

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until the coroner's constable rings the bell and the curtain once more ascends.

And so we shall go on, unless the law steps in to our aid. Why does it not do so? It is stringent and vigilant enough as regards inferior animals. It has a stern eye for pigs, and will not permit them to be kept except on certain inflexible conditions. It holds dogs in leash, and permits them to live only as contributors to her Majesty's Inland Revenue. It holds its whip over lodging-house keepers, and under frightful pains and penalties they may not permit them to be kept except on certain inflexible conditions. It holds dogs in leash, and permits them to live only as contributors to her Majesty's Inland Revenue. It holds its whip over lodging-house keepers, and under frightful pains and penalties they may not permit them to be kept except on certain inflexible conditions.

And is there no remedy for this? Would it not be possible at least to issue licenses to baby-keepers as they are at present issued to cow-keepers? It may appear a brutal way of putting the matter, but it becomes less so when one considers how much at present the brutes have the best of it.

—Turner Brothers & Co. send us the following September magazines—

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CHARLESTON, S. C. THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST. FAST FREIGHT LINE EVERY THURSDAY.

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LORRAINE'S STEAMSHIP LINE FOR NEW YORK. Sailing on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

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GIARD TUBE WORKS. JOHN H. MURPHY & BROS. Manufacturers of Wrought Iron Pipe, Etc.

WOODLANDS CEMETERY COMPANY. The following Managers and Officers have been elected for the year 1869.

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